Gentleman's STUDY.

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IN

ANSWER

TO THE

Lady's *Dreſſing-Room.*

LONDON, Printed, and [illegible]

[1732]

THE GENTLEMAN'S STUDY, &c.

SOME write of Angels, ſome of Goddeſs,
But I of dirty human BODIES,
And lowly I employ my Pen,
To write of naught, but odious MEN.
And Man I think, without a Jeſt,
More naſty, than the naſtieſt Beaſt.

In Houſe of Office, when they're bare,
And have not Paper then to ſpare,
Their Hands they'll take, half clean their Bottom,
And dawb the Wall, O——— rot 'em;
And in a Minute, with a T——d,
They'll draw them out, a Beaſt or Bird,

And write there without Ink or Pen,
When Fingers dry, there's A——se again.
But now high time to tell my Story;
But 'tis not much to all Men's Glory.

A Milliner, one Mrs. *South*,
I had the Words from her own Mouth,
That had a Bill, which was long owing,
By *Strephon*, for Cloth, Lace and Sowing;
And on a Day, to's Lodging goes,
In hopes of Payment for the Clothes,
And meeting there; and 'twas by Chance,
His Valet *Tom*, her old Acquaintance,
Who with an odd, but friendly Grin,
Told her his Master's not within,
But bid her if she pleas'd, to stay,
He'd treat her with a Pot of Tea;
So brought her to the Study while,
He'd go and make the Kettle boyl.

She sat her down upon the Chair,
For that was all, that then was there,
And turn'd her Eyes on every Side,
Where strange Confusion she espy'd

There on a Block a Wig was sett,
Whose Inside did so stink with Sweat;
The Outside oyl'd with Jessamin,
T' disguise the Stench that was within.

And next a Shirt, with Gussets red,
Which *Strephon* slept in, when in Bed;
But Modesty forbids the rest:
It shan't be spoke, but may be guess'd:
A Napkin worn on a Head,
With Infection to have bred.

For there ſome Stocks lay on the Ground,
One Side was yellow, t'other brown;
And Velvet Britches (on her Word)
The Inſide all bedaub'd with T—d,
And juſt before, I'll not deſiſt,
To let you know they were be-piſs'd;
Four different Stinks lay there together,
Which were, Sweat, Turd, and Piſs, and Leather.

There in a Heap lay naſty Socks,
Here tangl'd Stockings with Silver Clocks,
And Towels ſtiff with Soap and Hair,
Of ſtinking Shoes there lay a Pair:
A Night-Gown with Gold, rich Brocaded,
About the Neck was ſadly faded.

A Cloſe-ſtool helpt to make the Fume,
Tobacco-ſpits about the Room;
With Flegm and Vomit on the Walls;
Here Powder, Dirt, Combs, and Waſh-balls:
Oil-Bottles, Paper, Pens, and Wax,
Dice, Pamphlets, and of Cards ſome Packs;
Pig-tail and Snuff, and dirty Gloves,
Some plain, ſome fring'd, which moſt he loves:
A curling-Iron ſtands upright,
Falſe Locks and Oil lay down cloſe by't;
A drabbled Cloak hung on a Pin,
And Baſon furr'd with Piſs within:
Of Pipes a Heap, ſome whole, ſome broke,
Some Cut and Dry for him to ſmoke;
And Papers that his A—ſe has clean'd,
And Handkerchiefs with Snuff all ſtain'd:
The Sight and Smells did make her ſick,
She did not come to herſelf for a Week.

A Coat that lay upon the Table,
To reach ſo far ſhe ſcarce was able,
But drew it to her, reſolv'd to try
What's in the Pockets, by and by.

The firſt Things that preſent her View,
Were Dunning-Letters, not a few;
A then the next did make her wonder,
T of Tavern-Bills ſuch Number,
fine Snuff-box there lay hid,
bawdy Picture in the Lid,
as ſhe touch'd it, by the Maſs,
turn'd, and ſhow'd a Looking-Glaſs.

The reſt ſhe found ſince, I'm a telling,
Advertiſements of Land he's ſelling;
A Syringe and ſome dirty Papers,
A Bawdy-Houſe Screw, with Box of Wafers.

Then all the Shelves ſhe ſearch'd around,
Where not one Book was to be found;
But Gally-Pots all in a Row,
And gliſening Vials, a fine ſhow!

What one Pot held ſhe thinks was this,
Diaclom magnum cum gummis,
And ſpread there was with Art *ſecundum*,
Unguentum neopolitanum;
Pots of Pomatum, *Panacea*,
Injections for a *Gonorhea*,
Of empty Ones there were a ſcore,
Of newly fill'd as many more.
In plenty too ſtood Box of Pills,
Nor did there lack for Chirurgeons Bills,

Nor naſty Rags all ſtiff with Matter,
Nor Bottle of Mercurial Water;
The Uſe of which he does determine
To cure his Itch, and kill his Vermine:
Oh, Heaven! ſays ſhe, what Creature's Man?
All ſtink without! and worſe within!

With that ſhe roſe and went away,
For there ſhe could no longer ſtay;
And ſcarce ſhe got in the Bed Chamber,
And thought herſelf there out of Danger,
But quick ſhe heard with both her Ears,
Strephon came ſwearing up the Stairs:
She ſwiftly crept behind the Screen,
In order not for to be ſeen.

Then in came *Strephon*, lovely Sight!
Who had not ſlept a wink all Night,
He ſtaggers in, he ſwears, he blows,
With Eyes like Fire, and ſnotty Noſe;
A mixture glaz'd his Cheeks and Chin,
Of Claret, Snuff and odious Flegm;
And Servant with him, to Undreſs him,
And loving *Strephon* ſo careſs'd him:
Come hither *Tom*, and Kiſs your Maſter,
Oons to my Groin, come put a Plaiſter.

Tom dext'rouſly, his Part he play'd,
To touch his *BUBO*'s not afraid,
Nor need he then to Heſſitate,
But ſtrew'd on the *Precipitate*;
Then, in a Moment, all the Room,
Did with the Smell of Ulcer fume,
And would have laſted very long,
Had not ſour Belches ſmelt as ſtrong.

Which from her Nose did soon depart,
When overcome with stink of Fart,
And after, then came thick upon it,
The odious, nauseous one, of VOMIT,
That pour'd out from Mouth and Nose,
Both on his Bed, and Floor, and Clothes,
Nor was it lessen'd e'er a-bit,
Nor overcome by stink of S--t,
Which in the Pot, and round about,
The Brim, and Sides, he squirted out;
But when poor *Tom* pull'd off his Shoes,
There was a greater stink of Toes,
And sure, a nasty loathsome Smell,
Must come from Feet, as black as Hell.

Then tos'd in Bed, *Tom* left his Honour,
And went to call up *Peggy Connor*,
To empty th' Pot, and Mop the Room,
To bring up Ashes, and a Broom,
And after that, most pleasantly,
To keep his Master Company,
The Prat'ner now, being suffocated,
And saw the Door was wide dilated,
Did thought high Time to post away,
For it was Ten o'Clock i'th' Day,
And e're that she got out of Doors,
Had Qualms, Farts, Hiccups, Groans and Snores.

Ladies, you'll think 'tis admirable,
That this to all Men's applicable;
And tho' they Dress in Silk and Gold,
Could you their Insides but behold,
There, you Fraud, Lies, Deceit would see,
And Pride, and lustful Impiety,
Which they from Devils best they can,

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